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THE BATTLE OF THE ROE.

The battle which is the subject of the following interesting poem (says a writer of the last century), was fought on the banks of the river from whence it has its name, towards the close of the twelfth century, between the English forces and those of O'Caran, a prince of a territory which comprehended nearly all the present county of Derry, and a considerable part of Antrim. The result of this which was the last of several severe conflicts, was the total extinction of the English, or, as it was styled by the natives, the Saxon power, in the country of O'Caran, whose success obtained for him the expressive surname of "Culinal," or "Terror of the Stranger." The tomb of this remarkable personage may still be seen in the south-east corner of the church in Dungiven; and, notwithstanding the lapse of more than 500 years, is in good preservation, exhibiting a capital example of the taste in architecture which prevailed in an age and among a people usually termed barbarous.

The signal shield resounded,
Shrill the horn of battle blew;
From the hill O'Caran bounded,
And along the valley flew.

He, the Saxon power deepsing,
Then in their martial strength withstood;
Dyed his rivers with their blood.

Tow'ring in the front of danger,
Ne'er by human pow'r dismay'd,
Then, "the Terror of the Stranger,"
Drew his slaughter-seeking blade.

Bright the brandish'd weapon gleaming,
Lighten'd as the chieftain pass'd;
Loose his rustling banner streaming,
Gave the trophies to the blast.

All in vain the ford defending,
Firly stood the Saxon band;
Vain their spears, on spears extending,
Lin'd with death the shelving strand.

On his host, his red eye turning,
Cear'd to flash upon his foes;
Breathing death, with vengeance burning,
Thus O'Caran's voice arose.

“Warriors, Heaven and Justice speed you,
To the meed your might has won!
Vengeance and O'Caran, lead you,
Follow, warriors, and fall on.”

First to tempt the threatening danger,
First to dare the guarded flood,
Bush'd the “Terror of the Stranger,”
Bathing deep his steel in blood.

Falling ranks the carnage swelling,
Still their post the foe maintain'd;
Still his pressing strength repelling,
Trench'd behind their fallen slain.

Till their chief, in blood extended,
Pierc'd with wounds, resign'd his breath;
Then the shout of conquest blended
With the deep'ning groan of death.

Then, triumphant o'er such danger,
All his thirst of blood allay'd;
Then the “Terror of the Stranger,”
Sheath'd his slaughter-seeking blade.

A Terrible Storm.

A report of the damage done by the great storm of August 24th has been prepared by the Signal Office, from which it appears that 1,032 vessels of which 425 were small fishing schooners, are known to have been destroyed on the 24th and 25th of August, in the neighborhood of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and on the Atlantic shores of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Newfoundland. Over ninety vessels were destroyed by the same storm before reaching Nova Scotia; making a total of 1,122 vessel destroyed in a few days. 223 lives are definitely reported as lost, and the most moderate estimate of numerous cases in which whole crews are stated as lost, swells the number to nearly 500; while if to this be added the losses on land, and the earlier history of the cyclone, the total amounts to at least 600 lives. The records also show that about 900 buildings were destroyed or injured.

IRISH NEWS.
AFTER MANY DAYS.

Two individuals, after a separation of some years, met under somewhat remarkable circumstances in a police station in Dublin. The parties—who are man and wife—had formerly resided in Belfast, but owing to matrimonial differences, a separation took place by mutual consent. Since that period the “lady,” it appeared, had undergone a term of penal servitude, for taking undue liberties with the property of others persons. The meeting of the interesting couple was brought about through the intervention of the city police. Mrs. McIntrye, for such is her name, had been “doing” Grafton street, Dublin, for which she was brought to the police station. Some time afterwards a man was brought in on a charge of drunkenness, and the constables were astonished to find that the parties appeared to be old acquaintances. The recognition, however, was anything but cordial, for Mrs. McIntrye was sooner discovered in the newcomer her treant husband, than she was actuated by a desire to “wool” him. Mr. McIntrye in return proceeded to strike her, and the constables seeing the kind of feeling that was between them separated them.

A PATRIOT'S FUNERAL.

A Fenian funeral took place on Sunday 21st ult., at the town of Drogheda. After a long life, devoted entirely to the interests of his country, Colonel Leonard, of the 68th New York Irish Volunteers, departed from this world amid the deep sorrow of those who knew his worth and valued his unselfish love of Ireland. By his sacrifices in the cause of his oppressed country, he merited the highest honors that can be rendered to the dead. His remains were accompanied to the grave by a funeral cortège which was creditable to the men of Drogheda, and worthy of the esteemed character of the patriot soldier. The counties of Meath and Louth were well represented in the imposing procession which took place, and a band belonging to the Skinners' Society of Dublin was present to join in the slow funeral music set apart for the respected dead. On the coffin which was carried on strong men's shoulders, lay the sword and cap of the deceased, and preceding it the green flag of Ireland waved mournfully in the bright autumn sunshine. While the dew drops gently fall upon the green turf which covers his remains, Colonel Leonard will not be forgotten by his countrymen.

THE HOLLYWOOD MEMORIAL.

A few of the friends of the late Edward Hollywood, says the Dublin *Irishman* of the 27th ult., who, with Smith, O'Brien, Meagher, McGee, and others, formed the council of the Irish Confederation in 1848—met on Tuesday evening for the purpose of forming a committee of respect to be placed over the remains of the deceased in Glasnevin Cemetery. The Secretary, Mr. Andrew Drummond, read a list of names of parties who, with the lamented deceased, were prominent in the movement of '48, that he was sure would be anxious to subscribe towards the intended testimonial. Australia and America were the abodes of many who were well acquainted with deceased, and who would be found to assist practically in the movement then set on foot. He trusted that a testimonial not only worthy of the memory of their departed friend, but of the cause which he advocated so long and faithfully, would be the result of their labors, and which he hoped would soon grace the cemetery of Glasnevin.

OUTRAGE IN LIMERICK.

An outrage of a serious character, in the neighborhood of New Pallas, was reported to the constabulary on Saturday, the 20th ult. On the previous Thursday night a respectable farmer named William Ryan was proceeding home from Limerick to New Pallas, when two men, farmers from Cappamore, named Philip Butler and James O'Brien, overtook Ryan on the road between Bally and Killan, some six miles from Limerick. Ryan was pulled off his car by the men, who knocked him down and beat him in the most savage manner. Ryan, it appears, is married to a sister of Patrick Conway, who was murdered at New Pallas about two years ago, and for whose murder three or four people of the name of Kearny, and an old man of the name of Cornelius McCarthy were sentenced to lengthened periods of penal servitude. Butler and O'Brien are near relatives of the convict McCarthy, and it is this circumstance which seems to have led to this savage assault on Ryan.

THE CENSUS OF CLARE.

The Calan dispute has reached a termination in Father O'Keeffe submitting to his ecclesiastical superiors. When Father O'Keeffe's followers assembled for Mass on Sunday, the 21st ult., the reverend gentleman advised them to go to the Friary Chapel, as he had determined on becoming reconciled to his bishop. The congregation, except a very few, took the advice, and the gratifying spectacle was witnessed by the Catholics of Calan again kneeling at the same altar.

AMNESTY DEMONSTRATION IN CORK.

The Home Rulers in Cork organized a large demonstration on the subjects of Home Rule, and Amnesty for the remaining political prisoners. The demonstration, which was of an imposing character, was held on Sunday last.

DEATH OF VALENTINE O'CONNOR.

This worthy citizen died suddenly at his residence, Booterstown, Dublin, on the 20th ult. By active energy and close application he realized a splendid fortune, and by his death the great charitable institutions of Dublin have lost a kind and generous benefactor. Simple and unostentatious in all things, he gave largely and in private for the relief of the needy and the promotion of the largest donations anonymously for the sustentation of charitable institutions came from the hands of Valentine O'Brien O'Connor. He was chairman of the Cork and Bandon Railway Company and was a director of the Great Southern and Western and Dublin and Wicklow Railway Companies. He was a most extensive land and ship owner and among his recent purchases was the noble estate of the Earl of Derry in Tipperary, which he bought by private contract at a sum approaching a quarter of a million sterling.

A STARTLING INNOCVATION.

The wearing of hat bands and scarfs at funerals, has been very properly proscribed by the clergy and professional men of Newry, who met recently, and passed the following resolution: “That believing that the movement for carrying out the foregoing resolution should emanate from those to whom scarfs and hat-bands are usually given, we, the undersigned clergy and medical men of Newry and neighborhood, hereby declare our determination to decline accepting the same for the future.” The proceeding was rather a novel one, but not the less considerate on the part of the gentlemen who have thus set an example which will save many families from an expense and inconvenience which in both respects has long been felt to be a nuisance.

WOLFE TONE'S GRAVE.

The old slab which covered the grave of this illustrious patriot in Booterstown churchyard has been substituted by a new one, admirably cut by Mr. Thomas H. Denman, of Glasnevin. It bears the following inscription:

“THEOBALD WOLFE TONE,
Born 20th June, 1763.

Died 19th November, 1798, for Ireland.
The original slab having accidentally been broken, the members of the Wolfe Tone Band, in respect for their noble patron erected this slab,

14th September, 1873.

GOD SAVE IRELAND.

An extra force of thirty constables was drafted to Salinas on the 14th inst., when vast numbers of the people assembled at the grave of the illustrious dead, but not a single instance occurred to me in the harmony of the occasion.

A DARING ROBBERY.

was perpetrated a few weeks ago in Limerick at the residence of Mr. Harrison Lee, North Strand. A soldier and a man stated to be a draper's assistant, effected an entrance through the bedroom window, and carried off two valuable cups together with a waterproof cloak. Mr. Lee is a member of the Limerick Boat Club, and the cups have been won by him at the recent regatta. Sub-Constable Carr arrested the soldier of suspicion, and on searching him one of the cups was found in his possession. Later in the day Maghers was arrested by the constabulary. The two prisoners were subsequently brought before Mr. McCarthy, R. M., and returned for trial. This is the sixth soldier arrested on almost similar charges within the past few weeks.

THE CLOONE DECLARATION.

The usual quarterly meeting of the Home Rule Association was held in Dublin on the 23d ult. Mr. Butt, M. P., Mr. Martin, M. P., and Mr. Smythe, M. P., were present. The following resolution moved by Mr. Butt, M. P., was adopted—“That this Association has seen with great satisfaction the declaration of the Catholic bishop and clergy of the diocese of Cloyne, and observes with peculiar pleasure the suggestion as to a conference, and expresses their high sanction and approval of the course which had anticipated their suggestion.”

HOME RULE DEMONSTRATION.

On the 25th ult., a Home Rule demonstration was held at Enniskillen. The processions were headed by bands of music, and flags with mottoes were displayed. The assembly was addressed by several speakers, who advocated Home Rule for Ireland. A fusion between Home Rulers and Orangemen was recommended. Resolutions were passed in favor of Home Rule, and pledging those present to agitate for it on a Federal basis. The meeting separated in an orderly manner.

SETTLEMENT OF THE CALAN DISPUTE.

The Calan dispute has reached a termination in Father O'Keeffe submitting to his ecclesiastical superiors. When Father O'Keeffe's followers assembled for Mass on Sunday, the 21st ult., the reverend gentleman advised them to go to the Friary Chapel, as he had determined on becoming reconciled to his bishop. The congregation, except a very few, took the advice, and the gratifying spectacle was witnessed by the Catholics of Calan again kneeling at the same altar.

IMMENSE “TAX” OF HERRINGS.

For the last thirty years there were not such shoals of fine herrings on the coast of Kinsale as on the 8th ult., and even within the harbor the boats caught them in great abundance. They were sold at the extremely low figure of 1s. and 1s. 6d. a hundred, and yet at this price several boats have realized from £18 to £15 a haul.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MARSHAL BAZAINE'S DEFENCE.

The trial of Marshal Bazaïne was resumed on Tuesday, the attendance being larger than on any day since the opening. The President of the Court began the examination of the accused by stating that he should consider that the prisoner's responsibility began with the 12th of August. He, however, put several questions in regard to events before that date. In reply to questions concerning the disaster of Forbach, Bazaïne said he had no knowledge that when the orders were given to the Generals, Direthe was present. A council of war was held by the Emperor on the 9th of August, and it was then resolved that his army should be brought to the walls of Metz, and a movement in that direction began on the 11th. After reaching the city he received no orders to obtain more ammunition. He complained of carelessness in the intelligence service. He did not receive precise information of MacMahon's situation till the 13th, and the orders to throw a bridge across the Moselle reached him only the day before. He denied that he could be held responsible for the delay and subsequent failure to destroy the bridges to prevent the enemies pursuit. Telegraphic dispatches were read showing that Bazaïne intended to counteract the flank movements of the Germans, but the Emperor prevented him from carrying out his plans. The Marshal, in answer to further questions, especially concerning the 15th of August, stated that he agreed with the Emperor to march to Verdun, but the delay was caused by the battle of Bornier, and he was otherwise hindered. He was unaware that the Emperor intended to depart from Metz, and he declared positively that the Emperor left no special orders. It was well understood, however, that in the event of strong resistance the army was to remain at Metz, a few days at least, and not go beyond Verdun, in any case. After the battle of the 14th, Lebouef and Canrobert agreed with him that it was impossible to advance, and responsible officers informed him that his supplies were insufficient. He declared that he gave Canrobert all the aid he asked at Saint Perceval, and he blamed L'Admirault for not calling up his reserves. In justification of his conduct on the 10th of August, he cited the orders he had received to be cautious. The accused betrayed much excitement at the beginning of his examination, which was long and searching.

THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

A correspondence between the Pope and Emperor William is officially published. The Pope writes, August 7th, that the measures of his Majesty's Government aim at the destruction of Catholicism. He is unable to discover a reason for such severity, being informed and believing that the Emperor is averse to an increase or continuance of this harsh policy. He points out that such measures are injurious to the Christian religion, and only tends to undermine the throne. He speaks frankly and as truthfully to all as his duty is to all. The baptized, and even non-Catholics, in a certain sense, belong to him. He cherishes a conviction that the Emperor will adopt necessary measures, and concludes by praying God to be merciful to the Emperor himself. The Emperor replies, September 3d, replying at the opportunity to correct errors relating to German affairs. If the Pope were truthfully informed he would be aware that the German Government could not act against the approval of the Emperor. He deeply regrets the position of his Catholic subjects. The priests are in an insurrection against the State, disturbing the religious peace to the extent of an open revolt against the laws. He points to the inducements of similar movements in other parts of Europe and America, and declares he will maintain order and law so long as God enables him to do so, even against the servants of the Church, whom he supposes to be in rebellion against the secular authority as commanded by God. This doctrine of obedience, however, he refers to see so many priests in Prussia disown. He expresses the hope that now the Pope has been informed of the truth, he will use his authority to terminate agitation which he declared before God have no connection with religion or truth. He takes objection to the Pope's remark about non-Catholics, and, in concluding, says: “Difference in belief, however, should not prevent our living in peace.”

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

The Dublin *Irishman* thinks that “on the gold coast of Africa will be spent a golden harvest, and the battle ground will become a field of blood before the Ashante war is over. The conflict has only just begun and the end is not near. It will prove a slow process to penetrate into the interior of that shaggy land with its pestilent marshes and fever fastnesses, where death lurks in the reeking tangle-grass and lies concealed in brake and bush and fenny swamp. Its rivers bold, daring, strong in the justice of their country's cause, and religiously eager to die under the unfurled banner for their homes.

THE DEFEAT AT CARTAGENA.

The insurgents of Cartagena attribute the defeat of their squadron solely to the cowardice of Conteras, who ordered a retreat against the wishes of the crew. They declare that he will not be suffered to command the fleet again. Three vessels sailed out of the harbor on Tuesday for a second fight, but finding the Government fleet prepared for action, retired.

AN INSULT.

The Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs recently sent a circular, giving a one-sided account of the Austrian Consul's conduct in Bosnia, and complaining of the reception of Prince Milan, of Servia, in Vienna. The Austrian Government has taken offence at this, and a note from the Porte, expressing regret at the issue of the circular, is being looked for with some anxiety.

THE CRISES PAST.

Upon the convening of the Assembly, the Right Centre, acting in unison with the Ministry, intend to propose a prolongation of MacMahon's tenure of office as President of France. The Left are willing to accept the proposition if it be accompanied by a plan for a definitive organization of the Republic.

THE DISTURBANCE IN MEXICO.

Information from Saltillo indicates that the General Government will not use military force at present to suppress the differences between the Congress of the State of Coahuila and the recently deposed Governor. The Federal authorities are trying to secure a reconciliation between the opposing factions in order to avoid civil conflict.

ENGLISH IMMIGRATION.

The Government, having officially represented to the Emperor of Brazil the sufferings of the English emigrants in that country, a free passage to England has been given to 166 emigrants by the Brazilian Government.

EXPULSION OF EMIGRATION AGENTS.

The German Minister of Commerce and Interior, has issued instructions to the District authorities to expel all emigration agents who are domiciled in Germany.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 18, 1873.

OUR NEW QUARTERS.

When the IRISH NATIONALIST made its first appearance, not many months ago, there were few newspaper men who predicted for an even a partial success. Time, however, has shown what obstacles honesty and enterprise can overcome. Our paper is welcomed by the people, whose trust we will never betray, and has constantly increased in circulation, until we are to-day a power in the land, and stand foremost in the rank of Irish-American journalism. Finding our old quarters too contracted, the editorial and composing rooms of the IRISH NATIONALIST have been removed to 409 Washington street (opposite the Post Office), where large and commodious offices have been fitted up regardless of expense.

NOW AND THEN.

It is not always worthy of a people to run to the past for refuge, but it is wise to turn to it for example. Before the Irish tide of emigration directed its steps to America and Australia, it took other directions from the south and west of Ireland to the shores of the Mediterranean and every part of the Continent of Europe. These emigrants were either students in search of schools or soldiers in search of fighting. The former reckoned on the houses founded by Professors and D. S. "from home," and the soldiers, poor fellows, counting on the countenance of those who were gone before them to get them "something to do." Both classes worked hard and both won fame and rank. It is easier to follow the soldier class who left their *mark* wherever they went. Of these, two became Marshals of France (Sarsfield and O'Brien); two Marshals of Austria (Kavanagh and Prince Nugent); four, grandees of Spain (O'Reilly, Lawless, Gardiner and O'Donnell); two, Marshals in Russia (Lacey and Browne); and the descendants of some lately held and still hold the highest position in those countries as instance, O'Donnell in Spain, and McMahon, the present Ruler of France, descended from the Marquis McMahon, one of the first French Agents to these United States, for which service he received the badge of the revolutionary order of Cincinnatus, from Washington, and the French order of St. Louis from Louis the Sixteenth. Of general officers it would be hard to muster the list. The Irish governors of important posts, and the civil offices attained by these emigrants were also very numerous, Browne, Count Thomond, Lally, the Kavanagh, O'Dwyer, Lacey, Lawless, Nugent, Col. Harrold, Sutton, Dominic O'Daly and O'Donoghue, the last Governor-General of Mexico.

It seems wonderful (does it not?) that so many mere Irishmen in the same century should force themselves by dint of service into so many important posts in such old countries, and over the heads of so many native rivals. They all emigrated poor; their lands, if they inherited any, being confiscated. They had as it were, to beg their education, literary and military, and to serve long and hazardous probation before they attracted the attention of Kings. Still, that they did rise, and that they kept the "vantage ground," they gained, is apparent as the day. For over fifty years the born brothers of these men have been emigrating to America, of the same race, circumstance and capacities; but not of the same courageous and lofty order of ambition.

These emigrants were not content to live—they fell bound to rise. Fame was to them all the dearer, that it reflected lustre on Ireland and shed shame on England. They were ambitious, purely, nobly ambitious. Ambitious to vindicate the character of their native island, and to avenge her wrongs. Who does not honor such ambition? Who would not share it. New hosts of Irishmen are again year after year leaving their native land and seeking new homes all over the earth. This continent, and especially our golden State of California, opens its wide arms and invites them in. Here they may win positions, if not so eminent, at least as honorable as those their predecessors held in Europe. By choosing at once any occupation, serving their apprenticeship patiently to fortune, they may achieve both wealth and distinction. Hard labor and hard discipline must be borne by all who would succeed, whether they come in broad cloth or in frieze. Here is no royal road to greatness. Success is to be won, only by the way of hard work. We have been clamoring for freedom in Ireland. We asserted that with freedom we would enter into the race with England. Here is freedom full freedom. Let it be seen how, whether we lied or spoke the truth. Let it be seen what greatest Irishmen dare to achieve. Let it be seen if, in this wide arena of races, we can distance the English. By our own works we shall be judged—may we not be condemned by them; but let us not forget to avail ourselves of every means both civil and military, to prepare for the time when we may be called on to dare, do and if necessary die for the dear old land.

Answer to Correspondents.

"SANTA CRUZ" wants to know. Who is the Editor of the Monitor. We confess that for once in our lives we find the English language too barren in opprobrious epithets to admit of a description of the resplendent genius. It would appear as though Moore had him in his minds eye when he wrote that splendid passage in the Fire Worshippers, which commences with

Oh for a tongue to curse the knave,
Whose treason like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the council of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might.

TOUCHED ON THE RAW.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 12th, 1873.

Editor NATIONALIST.

I see your correspondent "Young Irishman" has touched the *Monitor* on the raw. There is an old adage that "the hit bird always flutters." So the "neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herring" organ, recognizing its portrait as drawn by your correspondent, sets up a hypocritical snivel about "religion," hoping that those who despise it will have pity on it and "take it out of the cold." No fear of that. Its "Uriah Heepism" is too well known for that. Like all usleable things, it is despised, even by those who use it. A traitor to Ireland and the Irish race, the Ultramontanes and "Bourbons" utterly despise it. I have often heard them say that "if the *Guardian* was of no other service, it at least, served as a rod of chastisement to keep the *Monitor* in their trances." How terribly galling must the consciousness of occupying such a position be to any man or men of spirit? For my part, I would rather "be a dog and bay the moon" than be the slave of slaves. Poor Dean Swift must have had such a position as that occupied by the *Monitor* in his view when he wrote—

"Better we all were in our graves
Than live in slavery to slaves."

Now I happen to know that the *Monitor*, in order to excite pity in its favor, has commenced to write letters to itself, and signing them with bogus and fictitious names. It all won't do. The Irish intelligence of the country detects this snivelling hypocrisy, and its proprietors are beginning to feel that fact in their diminished patronage. For the last week or two the newsmen of this city could not sell half as many copies of it as before its unprovoked and wanton attack on Father Sheehy, and the proprietors can, if they wish, satisfy themselves of that fact by going around to the various newsstands, where they will find heaps of *Monitors* "refused" to be taken by its old subscribers, and one of its oldest and best carriers brought back twenty-five copies last week. The Irish residents of this city cannot fail to contrast the dignified and gentlemanly conduct of the *Guardian* in relation to Father Sheehy as compared with that of the traitorous "Irish" sheet. And they cannot fail to remember, in that connection, the saying of the Duke of Wellington, "You put an Irishman on the gridiron, and you will find twenty more Irishmen to turn it for you."

The work of "turning the gridiron" upon which certain parties thought they had our distinguished fellow countrymen, Father Sheehy, was very properly left to the English-Colonized Irishman, who does the "pen-writing" for the *Monitor*. It was too ignoble a job for any but an Irish renegade. And such has ever been the fate of our unfortunate Island. A traitor Irishman "Cawtholic" and editor of an Irish paper, the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* was the informer, and "STAG" who informed upon and swore away the life of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald. A traitor Irish Catholic Bishop Dr. Troy, was the man who assisted Lord Castlereagh to sell the Irish native Parliament which Henry Grattan had won for the Irish people. His correspondence with Castlereagh on that subject, has lately come to light. What he expected to get for his treachery to his country was as your correspondent justly remarks "privileges for his order." The promised "privileges" however, were not obtained until both Castlereagh and his tool Dr. Troy, were long in their graves. And that we in our generation should not be outdone by our forefathers of '98, there is a Moriarty amongst the Hierarchy of Ireland, as well as *Goutain* in the press both here and there "links of some sanguine" as your correspondent very appropriately terms them. It was a "Cawtholic loyal" Kildare regiment under command of Lord Maryborough that fought and defeated the remnant of the poor, wornout "Croppies" and "United Irishmen" of 1798, after the retreat from Vinegar Hill, while they were on their march to join their northern brethren at Tara Hill. And even to-day, the most sickeningly "loyal" flunkies in the British Parliament are certain Irish members contemptuously called by the Irish laborers in London and England, "The Pope's Brigade" because it is the interest of the Pagan Papacy they represent in Parliament, and not of Ireland. Of course such men are standing libel upon the name of Irishmen. They are men of the *Monitor* sort—men who try to "run with the hare and keep with the hounds." They would as soon sell the good Holy Father as any body else, if they found it profitable to do so.

BILLY CAMPPILES.

New Division of A. O. H.

SAN RAFAEL, 13th October, 1873.

EDITOR NATIONALIST.—Please insert in your valuable journal, whose services in the cause of universal liberty, the Irishmen of this section appreciate, the names of the officers of Division No. 1, A. O. H. of San Rafael, Marin Co., which was organized on the 20th April, 1873.

Respectfully yours,

MANY MEMBERS.

NAMES OF OFFICERS.

County Delegate — — — — — T. Day, President — — — — — P. Prenty, Vice President — — — — — M. Hennessy, Recording Secretary — — — — — John Murray, Financial Secretary — — — — — M. O'Brien, Treasurer — — — — — John Graham.

Division No. 1, A. O. H., San Rafael Marin County.

[Hereafter the names of the officers will be found in the Directory of Irish Societies, on the third page.—ED. NATIONALIST.]

Correspondence.

In this issue of the IRISH NATIONALIST we publish a few of the many letters we have received from various parts of the country, sustaining us in the upright course we have taken, and condemning the "vile, blackguard attack which has been made on us" by our Christian and charitable contemporary, the *Monitor*. The following letters are not the productions of a bigoted tag-rag, and bob-tail constituency, but contain the honest sentiments of several representative Irishmen.

Editor NATIONALIST.—Enclosed find the first instalment of subscriptions for a club from here. We stand sadly in need of such a paper as yours on this coast; an organ of Irish-American opinion that will take its inspirations from our adopted and native country, and not from European despots and despotisms. There are plenty of people of our way of thinking on this coast to give your paper a generous support, and you ought to make an effort to reach them. It will require labor; but nothing worth having is got on this sin-blasted planet of ours without labor.

Father Sheehy lectured here on the 8th in a very large audience. In every way the lecture was a perfect success. The audience was largely composed of Americans. The lecturer was introduced to the audience by His Honor Mayor Murphy, and the stand was occupied by what the *Mercury* reporter calls "the brain and heart of the Irish-Americans of Santa Clara county." Among them, first, in official and social position, was the Mayor; the Hon. Martin Corcoran, County Treasurer; Mr. Ward, Deputy County Treasurer; N. B. Edwards; Judge Collins; Wm. Dwyer; John O'Toole; John Minahan; Thos. Egan; Edward Mahoney; Jas. Torney; Capt. Geo. Welsh; Wm. O'Donnell; Capt. John Faulkner, and others, whose names I did not learn. Our countrymen and women, too, flocked in their carriages from many miles in the country, to hear their distinguished countryman tell of the hopes and aspirations of "the dear old land once ours," and well were they repaid. I never saw a more gratified audience. After the lecture the Irish ladies flocked around the Rev. Father, and had almost like to have carried him off bodily. They made him promise to lecture here again. If he does lecture, he will have the largest audience ever assembled on such an occasion in this city. If we had a dozen such intellectual leaders of the Irish race in America as Father Sheehy the prejudice that now exists against "Irish Catholics" would soon melt away before the heat and glow of their warm words in favor of freedom and free institutions. But unfortunately it is the low, plodding "machine-made" fellows, as Brownson aptly calls them, who are put forward in this country as the intellectual leaders of our race, and what can an intelligent American entertain but deep-rooted prejudice against the body of which such consummate dots are at the head. Americans say to themselves—and very justly—"If that be the intellectual status of the head, what must be the class of intelligence to which the body belongs?" Judged by that standard, it is no wonder that we are regarded as an element dangerous to freedom in the American body politic. How different would it be if we were represented by a class of men of the culture, genius and patriotism of Father Sheehy? God speed the day when we shall be, is the prayer of

Yours truly, AN ADMIRER.

Editor NATIONALIST.—I am glad to see in

your issue of the 4th inst. what I may call a step in the right direction, taken by "Young Irishman," who so cleverly exposed the theologian of Clay street and the other fellow round the corner. To your correspondent I say, give me your hand, my boy; your notions and mine agree to a jot, that it is foolish for us to pretend to be Republicans or propagators of republican principles, while we support journals published in the evident interest of a monarchical government. I am well pleased to see a question of vital importance handled in such clever style.

The article was most opportune, for many Irishmen of Haviland have long cogitated on the same subject; but their influence, like that of Mrs. Macawer's family, is merely local. Notwithstanding this fact, however, it is patent that the representative of the Clay street organ found it expedient some years since to make a hasty and undignified exit from amongst us. The other fellow took his melancholy departure lately, so we happily see them "round those diggin's no more." And as for our clerical authorities, I know some of them would gladly see the *Monitor* out of existence, as they know well that it is doing more harm than good. I say if Irish nationalists will only do their duty by taking some pains to prevent the circulation of the infamous Clay street organ, that sweet "God save the Queen" singer, they will also rid the church of a disagreeable incumbrance, and soon we will hear no more of the Knights of the Crescent. But while we have religious, semi-religious, and sacrilegious journals, published in a Republic, patching the robes of religion with the blood-clotted rags of perjured royalty, Crescents we must certainly expect as a natural consequence. And while we support such journals how can we consistently complain of such results. Lately we see in France and Spain democracy, making rapid strides, taking certainly many false steps, and like a young toddler learning to walk, tumbling on their faces from time to time. But the age of toddling will soon pass away and that of

political manhood take its place. Let us hope that time will never see its old age. Let us then imitate those French and Spanish patriots. They will eventually overcome their difficulties we by perseverance, will do likewise. I believe that the difficulties they have to contend with are greater than ours. They have been opposed by aristocrats while we have only snobs. They have the rights, or at least interests of an established church to get around while we have none, and what is better do not want any. When any of our snobs refuse to let us use their church give him the cold shoulder and his influence will pass away like a beautiful dream. Let us hand him over to the Crescents of either denomination and he will quickly pass beneath the waves of oblivion, to swell the numbers of psalm singing shoddyites who have endeavored to straddle two stools in the Irish cause, and come to the ground.

Yours etc.,

Editor NATIONALIST.

Editor NATIONALIST.—Enclosed find the first instalment of subscriptions for a club from here. We stand sadly in need of such a paper as yours on this coast; an organ of Irish-American opinion that will take its inspirations from our adopted and native country, and not from European despots and despotisms. There are plenty of people of our way of thinking on this coast to give your paper a generous support, and you ought to make an effort to reach them. It will require labor; but nothing worth having is got on this sin-blasted planet of ours without labor.

Editor NATIONALIST.—Enclosed find the first

REV. EUGENE SHEEHY'S LECTURE IN SAN JOSE.

The audience which greeted Father Sheehy on Wednesday the 8th inst. represented the brain and heart of the Irish population of this city, and vicinity. The attendance was very large indeed, and the demonstrations of approval, though frequent, were confined to the pith and point of the address, discrimination which more than anything else, shows the real good sense of an assembly. The rostrum, whereon were mounted the national colors of Ireland and the United States, was occupied by a number of Irish citizens, among them was His Honor Mayor Murphy. After suitable music by Gleason's band, the Mayor introduced the lecturer, or we might rather say orator, of the occasion—

REV. EUGENE SHEEHY,

of Limerick, Ireland; who was received with the most hearty acclamations. Father Sheehy is a young man, rather spare but trim and active in figure, and he employs a delivery at once forcible and pleasing, including elocution of superior degree. We present an outline of his address, which throughout engrossed the closest attention of his hearers. Trite as the theme of Irish history seems, it appears to be an inexhaustible mine of popular eloquence; and Father Sheehy must be credited with presenting his subject in the most satisfactory manner.

The lecture opened with an allusion to the exaltation of England in the polish and perfection of the arts and sciences, to the maritime supremacy, and her conquests in all the earth.

Amidst so much fame, one could heartily wish there were no dark pages to

TARNISH THE LUSTRE OF HER GLORY.

Accused is the march of a glory which tramples on the hearts of the free. (Great cheering.) The lecturer described the commercial advantages of Ireland, both coast-wise and inland; her one hundred and thirty-six harbours, of safe and easy access; three-fourths of her coast free from danger to the mariner, her friths affording commodious havens; her navigable rivers; fertile valleys and "gently sloping hills," of her cultivable lands lying more than fifty miles from the sea; all these with the vast resources for manufacture, comprise some of the elements of a nation's greatness, and seem to show that Providence had especially fitted Ireland for a great commercial country. Trade made Venice rich and powerful as it did Spain and Portugal; and little Belgium, with her advanced agriculture, maintains a position of dignity and respect on the very confine of jealous and powerful neighbors.

HOW IS IRELAND TO-DAY?

Darkness is upon the land; no smoky cities, telling of busy manufacture; the ruins of towns of declining trade; the by-roads of her great and ancient cities, the abode of poverty; her deserted harbors contrasting with the London and Liverpools of the "sister" island; the ruined walls of the open country, and the neglected hedge-row pointing where happy homes once stood; and a steady stream of immigration drawing her population at the rate of 70,000 a year. The lecturer repeated the lines of Thomas Davis, and paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of that poet of Tipperary; a passage in the address which was received with much applause. Alluding to immigration, the lecturer, while avowing his love for America, "with the enthusiasm of an Irishman's heart," said he could not be expected to love his native land less, when he witnessed the out-flow of the life-tide of the island; and he looked to Heaven for retribution upon England, "the guilty author of all these woes." [Cheers] He denounced the duplicity and slander of English literary men who treat of the Irish question.

THE ORIGIN OF OUR HOSTILITY goes back to the conquest; our resentment is a perpetual heritage, and our aspirations for a restored nationality strong and irrevocable. The lecturer then touched upon the reformation and the times of the penal code, when to be a papist priest in Great Britain was to be guilty of High Treason; when the whole policy of the crown was addressed to degrade and impoverish the Irish people; and made the following

IMPRACHMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

She has made war upon our intellect, our conscience, our property, our industry, our good name, and our lives. The cruel taunt of "ignorant Irish" comes from a government which even in the 18th century hunted the Irish schoolmaster down with blood-hounds, and has compelled the people to smuggle their children out of the island for education. But we smuggled them back to infuse new life into the people, and we have our schools to-day. [Applause.] England has warred upon our conscience, but in vain, and the lecturer expressed his respect for a government where all creeds may abide. Five successive invasions have beggared our people; for at one time, according to John Mitchel, the Protestant might dismount the idolator (the Catholic), take his place in the saddle, and

RIDE AWAY TO GLORY.

[Laughter.] And our good friend Cromwell and people disposed of the Irish property question in the same style: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; He hath transferred the title to his Saints; we are his Saints."

[Cheers and Laughter.] But to the honor of the Protestants, it must be said, that when, to preserve their estates, the Catholic clergy transferred them in trust to their Protestant neighbors, the latter, with few exceptions, were faithful to the trust. [Applause.]

TRAVESTY OF IRISH CHARACTER.

The lecturer was very severe upon the English system of ridicule of Irish character; and

Cholera in Wexford.

A case of cholera was reported to the Board of Guardians as they were transacting business recently at Wexford. It has occurred at a place called Mandintown, principally occupied by sailors and fishermen. A covered car prepared for the purpose was sent for the person, who was taken to the hospital, where she was attended by Dr. Creane.

10,000 Men Wanted!

To buy Boots and Shoes of M. H. O'Connor, salesman with M. Walsh, 27 Third street.

he said he had visited our fair last week and thought it was strange that an exhibition supposed to be intended to show the art and genius of the valley should have been degraded by a swinish travesty, a raffiné burlesque, of the Irish people. Is it that the English taste is swinish, and runs to beastly things? [Cheers.] Everywhere it is the same—the work of English hatred. The lectures denounced Harper's Weekly as a "Journal of Barbarism," and the Irish World, of Boston, as no better, it representing the other extreme. The great heart and intellect of the American people are favorable to Ireland to-day, and well did our sons pour out their life-blood under the stars and stripes. [Great and prolonged cheering.] EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

The funeral oration of Irish nationality has yet to be spoken. Where is our hope? It is in the education of our people. The generation of to-day is reaping the benefit of the schools of '35; and where there is education serfdom must go down. [Cheers.] Intelligence declared against it, and Ireland is intelligent, and her discontent is becoming systematized, and it will be allayed when England makes restitution. We will try it again. Ireland is for the Irish, and when we move it will be with the tread of a giant. Foot to foot our Protestant neighbors begin to stand with us Roman Catholics on the question of restoration, and when the day comes they will be found with us, planting their feet upon the neck of despotism in the common island. [Applause.] Can you wonder that patience is overthrown, as we see the life-blood flowing away from the heart of our country? To the death against our ancient tyrant! I have my friends, no favor to ask, and do not deal in claptrap. You are citizens of a great free country; your proud title, that of American citizens; [great cheering.] you might well despise any people if you believed them capable of a disposition to accept the servitude of a rapacious government. I declare to you that your race at home have aspirations, and are better and better fitting themselves for the approaching struggle. I love this land, but go back willingly to my island, dearer than all the earth, where my people, though chained their limbs, have souls and hearts and minds free! [Great applause.] I sympathize with us. Our struggle is just begun. A blackguard newspaper in San Francisco has thought proper to sneer at me as a

MEMBER OF THE CHURCH MILITANT; as if a priest is not fit for liberty like any other man; as if he were fit for slavery only, and must hold his tongue when he sees the oppressions of his people. [Applause.] You should see these as I have, for twelve years in Limerick, the poor begging for a mite to buy a crust [Oh!] I have a right to be a friend of any people who are struggling for liberty. On the mountains and in the valleys our people are talking of freedom, and I am proud of my race on the Pacific Coast who have not forgotten us. We have nothing to hope from England. May God bless you all, and while you prosper in your land of liberty, preserve a warm corner in your hearts for old Ireland, the land of the oppressed, struggling to be free.

The lecture thus closed, amidst universal acclamations, nor did the audience disperse until it had thundered three cheers for Father Sheehy, and three for "old Ireland."—San Jose Patriot.

IRISH EDUCATION.

[Communicated.]

If we cannot be great as an independent Nation let us be great in our approaches to it in all that tends to elevate humanity and make existence pleasing. Ireland, under great difficulties, has done her full share for literature, and if education were fostered there, as it is in this happy Republic, Ireland would be as distinguished in the nineteenth century as Athens was before our era. Your correspondent is induced to these remarks from a little incident that occurred the other evening, in the society of ladies and gentlemen, when music was beautifully rendered from the Opera. I naturally asked the young lady (who was of Irish parentage) for some piece from some of the Irish authors and composers, but unfortunately she was not supplied with any. One of the gentlemen composing the company, a highly intelligent and professional man not long from Ireland, remarked that Ireland was rather unfortunate or backward in this talent. Oh! surely not so, said I; her strains of music, simple as well as complicated, are sung and listened to with delight on every continent. Where can be found, said I, sweater or more accomplished composers than Vincent Wallace and Michael William Balfe? The former, said I, died but recently in Dublin, and I would like to contribute my mite towards raising for him a monument; he deserves it from humanity to whose pleasure he has so largely contributed, and he deserves it from his countrymen particularly, as having rendered them vindictive honor. But, said he, Balfe is not Irish, he is German. Then, said I, my friend, I do not like to be dogmatical in the presence of ladies, but for a quarter of a century or more I have been laboring under a great hallucination, and always supposed that he was born in Dublin in the year 1808; and it is true that his Opera, the *Bohemian Girl*, is very popular in Germany, but the author is Irish. Not so, said he, positively, and I, from prudential motives, subsided.

There are people under the sun that swallow education with such avidity as the Irish, and no people so cruelly treated; first by the alien Government and then by its pretended friends.

No wonder that there is ignorance, and the lamentable ignorance that our half educated professional men manifest when they come in

contact with the severely and practically educated men of this country. The grand aim of every true and patriotic Irishman should be, first, to educate the people of Ireland. Let us send them the means to establish libraries and encourage public education. Let the Irish in this country not be led into the folly of denouncing our public schools, for they are the basis of our liberties. Educate the Irish and make them love the public schools; Normal Schools and Agricultural Colleges will follow. Political economy will be discussed by the masses, and then no power on earth can hold them enslaved. When they then obtain their separate existence as a nation, they will know how to appreciate it and preserve it.

"It will then the island we all long to see, uniformly happy, and intelligently free."

A DEVOTED IRISHMAN.

CITY NOTES OF THE WEEKS.

Not many weeks ago there was started in this city a journal, professedly religious, which for scurrilous publication, and a total disregard of the first principles of honor or truth, beat anything in the annals of Western journalistic blackguardism. We are happy in this issue to announce its decease, and the arrest of the editor, H. C. Bennett, on a charge of libel referred against him by the business manager of the concern, a renegade Irishman named Fitzgerald. The complaint is based on the following article, published in the *Independent Defender* under the caption of "A swindling scoundrel," in which the writer says:

"Being about to start a paper to defend the American public schools against the plot laid for their destruction by the Jesuits, Fitzgerald was accepted as a canvasser. As he represented himself as a first-class bookkeeper, to save expenses we gave him charge of the books of the office. He had not been engaged a week before we detected him in swindling. He collected about \$300 and absconded. We might call him a liar and a swindler without subjecting ourselves to the law against libel—but we refrain. He has also been living off the community, by a regular system of frauds, by refusing to pay any of his bills. He has been arrested for fraud, forgery and bigamy, but managed to escape each time. His career was published in the *Chronicle* and *Pacific Coast Review* in 1859, and is the most infamous ever published of any man outside the State Prison."

The above is but an extract from the article, which occupies a whole column.

Mr. McGARRAHAN has left Washington for California, to prosecute his suit against the New Idra Quicksilver Mining Company. This celebrated case, after passing through the various Courts of this State, was finally carried to Washington, where, after a thorough investigation by a Committee of Congress, it was decided by a majority of nineteen that the property justly and legally belonged to McGarrahan. The present suit is brought to recover possession of the mine and five millions of dollars for damages. In a few days the case comes up before Judge Belden, in San Jose, and will no doubt be observed with deep interest by the entire people of this Coast, and, indeed, by most of the leading and prominent men of the nation, as it has for so long a time figured prominently before Congress and elsewhere.

A GERMAN named Ernest Reichart committed suicide at the Montgomery street Lodging-house, 915 Montgomery street, some time during Monday night. He applied there for lodgings on Sunday evening and went away the next morning. He returned after midnight, on Monday, and desired the same room he had occupied the previous night. On Tuesday morning the proprietor opened the door of the room and noticed Reichart apparently sitting on the floor at the foot of the bed. A close investigation, however, showed the astonished lodging-house proprietor that Reichart had tied a strap to the bed post and passing a loop around his neck had set down and strangled himself. He was a laborer and unknown in this city.

Fifty thousand dollars was appropriated during the forty-second session of Congress for the removal of Rincon Rock, which contains five thousand cubic yards, and lies some two hundred and fifty-feet from the foot of Harrison street wharf. The work was commenced last month by J. N. Risdon. He has built a substantial wharf, one hundred and forty feet long by one hundred and ten feet wide. He intends to drill a row of holes across the rock to a depth of twenty feet, and break off the rock by blasting, either with giant powder or nitro glycerine. The surface blasting began on Friday, and proved perfectly satisfactory, so that the ultimate success of the work is insured, and another dangerous obstruction to our shipping will soon be removed.

The Curtis trial has ended as was generally expected—not an acquittal. A jury of twelve men would not convict the slayer of Johnson of the crime of manslaughter. He was acquitted upon the legal fiction of irresistible passion, which amounted to temporary insanity, but the real meaning of the verdict is to add another to the many proofs that by the unwritten and higher law of the United States, any man who indulges in an illicit connection is, no matter what be the circumstances, an outlaw, whose life may be taken with impunity by the female or any of her relatives.

John Carty, an honest Arizona miner, came to the city last week on pleasure bent, having in his possession \$500, the reward of honest toil. On Monday morning officers Dunleavy and Carish while going their rounds, discovered him stupidly drunk on Kearney street, minus his watch and purse. He had taken a short and unprofitable voyage along the Barberry coast, fallen amongst theives and had been done for. John now believes that the solitude of the desert, during a prospecting tour is preferable to the glitter and pomp of city life.

BIRTHS.

ONEILL—in this city, October 9, to the wife of Thomas O'Neill, a daughter.

MCCORMACK—in this city, October 12, Mrs. McCormack, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

GRANT—In this city, October 12, by Rev. Father Lenihan, P. J. Grant to Miss Margaret Damney, both of this city.

BACKE—SULLIVAN—in this city, October 8, at St. Mary's Cathedral, by the Rev. Esther Prendergast, Francis Backe to Honora, daughter of Mr. Lawrence Sullivan, both of this city.

CORNEIL—LAW—in this city, St. Francis' Church, John Cornelius, John Connell to Annie Lane, both of this city.

BELL—BUTLER—in this city, September 22, by the Rev. Father Mathew, Henry Bell to Lizzie Butler, both of this city.

DIED.

LANA—in this city, October 14, Timothy Lana, a native of the Swiss of Lestry, County Kerry, Ireland, aged 39 years.

GALLAGHER—in this city, October 13, Bernard Gallagher, a native of New York City, aged 38 years; 7 months and 6 days.

MURPHY—in this city, October 19, Ellen Murphy, a native of County Cork, Ireland, aged 20 years. [Washington, D. C. papers please copy.]

WHITTY—in this city, October 10th, Thomas Whitby, a native of County Wexford, Ireland, aged 41 years. [Wexford paper please copy.]

FOLEY—in this city, Patrick Foley, a native of Limerick, County Waterford, Ireland, aged 36 years. [New York and Waterford papers please copy.]

COSGROVE—in this city, October 9, Margaret, wife of Patrick Cosgrove, a native of Rathcormac, County Cork, Ireland, aged 47 years. [New York and London papers please copy.]

KEATING—in this city, October 10th, Patrick Keating, a native of County Galway, Ireland, aged 45 years.

WALSH—in this city, October 15, Myers Walsh, a native of Ballinore, County Mayo, Ireland, aged 31 years, brother of M. Walsh, bookseller and dealer.

TANNIN—in this city, October 12, Mary Anna, daughter of P. J. and Mary Tannin, aged 3 months and 14 days.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

X. TWIABA X.

Two Warr. Sac.—A new preparation is offered to the public for the restoration of the hair by Dr. L. Terry, 223 Third street, and from the great number of testimonies published by prominent citizens of Elko, Nevada, of its efficacy in giving strength to the hair, and the speedy return of it to those who have been bald, oblige us to look upon it with more favor than the thousand other preparations already in the market. The *Elko Independent* says: "A description of White Sage will accomplish more in restoring bald heads, fastening falling hair and renovating and giving health action to the scalp than a whole store of the usual remedies advertised for that purpose. Hundreds now in Nevada can testify to this fact, and a trial will convince any doubting Joseph that what we say of it in this respect will be borne out by results, if he will give it a fair trial." If such is the case, the Doctor will reap a rich harvest, for no other city can boast of as many bald-headed people as San Francisco. The medicine can be obtained from every druggist. None genuine without the signature of L. Terry, M. D., on the outside of the wrapper. Hazlewood, Booz & Co., General Agents. Sole Distiller, Dr. L. Terry, Elko, Nevada.

PICTURES.—By reference to our advertising column it will be seen that our friends Kenny & Co. have taken and fitted up in superb style a large store in the new hotel building corner of Fifth and Market streets. They have lately returned from the East, bringing with them a large and well-assorted stock of pictures of more than common style of art. Their lengthened experience in the trade has enabled them to offer superior drawings, chromos, prints, and framed pictures at a moderate rate. They have now on exhibition pictures of a hundred classes and representative of scenery and life in all climes. When inspecting their varied stock, we naturally give most attention to what was Irish. We found the Giant's Causeway, Vale of Avoca, Lakes of Killarney, and other familiar places as they should be, as well as several delineations of muscular Christianity, which should be seen to be appreciated.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—An article that will firmly mend Furniture, Crockery, Glassware, Statuary, Moenchs, Dolls, Toys, Leather, and all ordinary household articles likely to be broken, is as indispensable as it is valuable.

These requisites are to be found in the well-known

GIANT CEMENT, which is put up in tin cans only. It invariably gives satisfaction, and is now for sale by druggists, tailors, grocers, and the Giant Cement Company, No. 417 Washington street (opposite the Post Office) San Francisco.

Full particulars can be had by writing to

F. BAXTER, P. O. Box 567 San Francisco, Oct. 11-td.

THE RAILWAY PLATE (HANDICAP) OF \$300.

For horses that have never started for a public race. Gentleman riders. Entries close October 10th.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PLATE OF \$100.

For Saddled Horses not exceeding 14 hands; catch weight: one mile. Entries close October 17th.

THE PIEDMONT PLATE OF \$75.

For Ponies not exceeding 13 hands; catch weight: one mile. Entries close October 17th.

THE FLYING HANDICAP PLATE OF \$300.

Three quarters of a mile. Entries close Oct. 10th.

THE RANDLETT PLATE OF \$200.

For horses that have never started for a public race. Gentleman riders. Entries close October 17th.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PLATE OF \$100.

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THE NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE OF \$300.

FOR TWO-YEAR OLDS.

One mile. Entries close October 10th.

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THE RANDLETT PLATE OF \$200.

For horses that have

THE IRISH NATIONALIST.

MAGNEW'S LAMENTATION.

(Translated from the Irish.)

BY SAMUEL HARRINGTON, M. L. L. A.

My heart is in woe.

And my soul is in trouble.

For the mighty are low,

And abased are the noble;

The sons of the soil

Are in exile and mourning:

Worn, weary, pale,

As spent pilgrims returning;

Or men who in sight,

From the field of disaster,

Beseech the black night

On their flight to fall faster;

Or seamen aghast,

When their planks gape in sunder,

And the waves, fierce and fast,

Tumble through hoarse thunder;

Or men who in woe:

That have got their death omen:

Such wretches are we

In the chains of our foemen!

Our courage is fear,

Our nobility vileness,

Our hope is despair,

And our comeliness foulness.

There is mist on our heads,

And a cloud chill and hoary

Of black sorrow, shuns

An eclipse on our glory.

From Boyle to the Linn

Has the minstrel been given,

That the children of Finn

From their country be driven;

That the sons of the king—

Oh! the treason and malice—

Shall no more ride the ring

In their own native valies;

No more shall repair

Where the hill toxys tarry,

Nor forth in the air

Fling the hawk at her quarry.

For the plain shall be broke.

By the share of the stranger,

And the stone-mason's stroke

Tell the woods of their danger;

The green hills and shore

Be with white keeps disfigured,

And the most of Bathmore

Be the Saxon churl's haggard;

The land of the lakes.

Shall no more know the prospect

Of valleys and brakes,

So transformed in her aspect;

The Gael cannot tell,

In the uprooted willow wood,

And red ridgy dell,

The old nurse of his childhood;

The nurse of his youth

Is in doubt as she views him

If the pale wretch is truth

Be a child of her bosom.

We starve by the board,

And we thirst amid' wassail:

For the guest is the Lord,

And the host is the vassal!

Through the woods let us roan,

Through the wastes wild and barren;

We are strangers at home.

We are exiles in Erin!

And Erin's a bark

O'er the wide waters driven,

And the tempest howl dark

And her side planks are riven;

And in billows of might

Swell the Saxon before her—

Unto! oh unto!

Or the billows burst o'er her."

*O'Guin (Agnaw, not Sir Andrew) Bard of Clane, buy, in the reign of Elizabeth, to whose court he accompanied Shane the Proud, in 1582. In Mr. Planché's lately published *Antiquities of the British Commonwealth*, a representation of the Irish, as they stood in London, taken from a valuable print in the possession of the late Mr. Doune, and curiously illustrative of Camden's account of their appearance.

HOPE, WAIT, AND WORK.

Hope! boys hope, tho' deep the gloom around us
Lifts up your hearts, our star yet burns on high,
Just ere the dawn, night's darkest shades surround us
Soon will the sunburst glad each willing eye.
Hed not those who mock your bold endeavour,
Trust the true voice that throbs your souls within:
Owards or Knaves will shrink or fawn forever.
Strong be your faith still—the cause of right must win;

Hope! boys hope! a brighter day is nearin.

Wait! boys wait! impatience through the night.

Work! boys work! unresting and unfeeling.

Hope, wait, and work, for the triumph of the right.

Wait! boys, wait! red eyes long vigil keeping,
Save note the hand move o'er the dial face
Noiseless it glides—the circle slowly swaying
Bringing the hour—with stealthy silent pace:
Wait! tho' the self you fester draw with reason?
Wait! the good seed you sow with care and pain,
Wait! till the months bring round the harvest season
Gape then; the sickle and gather in the grain?

Hope! boys, hope, etc.

Work! boys, work! the time for words is ended,
Quick to the task come gird yourselves anew?
Work! still work!—be seal with prudence blended,
Much you have done, but much more remains to do.
Work! boys, work! what's the each part?—wee swelling
Reeks on the shore in clouds of mist and spray.
Still gains—power resists! welling
Soon boys to bear our stricken barge away.

Hope! boys, hope, etc.

Position in Sleeping.

Sleeping rooms should always be so arranged, if possible, as to allow the head of the sleeper to be toward the north. Frequently in cases of sickness a person will find it impossible to obtain rest if the head is in any other direction, and often a cure is retarded for a long time.

A Vienna physician had a patient who was suffering for a long time with acute rheumatism, with painful cramps running from the shoulder to the fingers; and while his head was towards the south he could do nothing towards his relief. On turning the bed, however, so that the head was toward the north, the patient uttered expressions of pleasure, and in a few hours he was almost entirely cured.

Many other cases are given by scientific gentlemen; and people, in building houses, should always have this in view.

A Catholic chapel is in course of construction at Hollister.

THE RISING OF '98.

With an Account of the Insurrection.

French Alliances and Expeditions.

(Continued from our last number.)

CHAPTER XI.

ARMAGH ADDRESS TO THE CATHOLIC EXILES—MEETING AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE—ENGLISH PROCLAMATION AGAINST THE UNITED IRISHMEN—STATE OF IRELAND IN '97.

It is now necessary to take a glance at the state of Ireland in 1797. The reader has seen how the English ministers, for their own internal purposes, excited the deluded Peep-o'-Day Boys and Orangemen to rob and murder their poor Catholic brother-Irishmen, in the name of religion. These poor wretches had in self-defense (as the name expressed) formed themselves into a society called the Defenders. The Defenders had been treated with the most horrible cruelty by the English government and their vile tools. The jails were crowded with these unfortunate creatures, and on one occasion the monster Luttrell, Lord Carhampton, hauled out no less than 1,300 of them from the prisons; and (no doubt having got the wink in the proper direction) sent them off, without any legal process or trial, on board English ships of war and transport vessels. In 1797, however, a respectable meeting of enlightened Protestants was held in the county Armagh, and an address was adopted, which, from its spirit, liberality and patriotism, will ever reflect eternal honor on the Protestants of Ulster. The address, inviting back the Catholic exiles, and denouncing the hellish government of that day, ran thus:—

"Friends, brethren, and fellow-citizens—in this unhappy country, the designing emissaries of a venal and profligate administration have, with impunity, too long, scattered amongst us the seeds of disunion and religious persecution; they saw that if the people were once united in the bands of social love and affection, that system of corruption, which they have substituted for the pure spirit of the constitution, would have perished for ever.

"Hence, brethren, they adopted the diabolical maxim, 'Divide and conquer.' In their hands the religion of the most high God, the spirit of which is peace, love, union, and social order, has become the instrument of discord and bigotry—of persecution, bloody and relentless.

"We lament that infatuation, that ill-judged and misguided zeal, which drove from their habitations many of our most useful citizens, and rendered our country odious to the world.

From this moment we wish to bury for ever all religious contentions, and all animosities that may separate us from our fellow-citizens."

"Our aim is to procure a reform in parliament, and Catholic emancipation; and to the attainment of these grand objects, our progress shall be moderate, yet firm—and temperate, yet irre sistible."

On the 5th of April, 1797, a most respectable meeting of the freemen and freeholders of the city of Dublin was held at the Royal Exchange, to petition or beg the English King, George Guelph, the third of that name, "to disband his ministers, and to take to his counsels, men who enjoy the confidence of his subjects." Everyone knows that George Guelphs, like many other kings, if at any common, honest, or industrious pursuit, could hardly earn his bread. He was a great enemy of the liberties of man, and although he never risked his own plump body, yet he seems to have delighted in man-butcherings, for he got up a crusade against the Americans, and caused 30,000 German or Hessian murderers (hired at tenpence a day each) to be transported from Germany 4,000 miles over the ocean, in order to cut the throats of the justice and liberty-loving Americans.

On the 17th of May, 1797, the villainous conspirator and English vice-viceroy Cambden, sent out a paper notice or proclamation from the English Castle of Dublin, Ship-street, in which the United Irishmen were openly threatened with physical force, covered with abuse, but not proved to have done anything to bring their country under a foreign yoke, which all agree is the greatest curse any nation can suffer.

Meanwhile the United Irishmen, now that the constitution was abolished, were preparing to resist the force of the English conspirators for peace; 500,000 Irishmen were enrolled in the National Association, and of these at least 300,000 fighting men could be calculated on by their leaders, if nothing unforeseen occurred. Curran, in the life of his father, gives the following sketch of the United Irishmen, and the state of Irish society about this period:—

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THE MARTYR HERO OF BALAKLAVA.

Nolan, ("Only an Irishman.")

At last we have the historical blunder gracefully corrected and a handsome defense of a brave soldier whose name has been under a cloud. It has been popularly decided that Captain Louis Nolan, of Lord Raglan's staff, being an impetuous soldier, purposely misconstrued the actual meaning of an order which he carried into an authorization of the senseless sacrifice of the Light Brigade, and that the only excuse was that he was the first man killed in the charge. Saince Foynt in the Galaxy, after reviewing the topography of the battlefield and the position of the forces, says:

"As it was, matters stood thus when Nolan left Raglan, bearing the 'fourth order.' The Russians were clustered on two hills, the English and French cavalry stood looking on. Nolan was in his usual nervous, irritable state, when the gallop of a horse was heard. A tall, slender, young officer, with a trim figure and black moustache, was coming down a steep descent at full speed, with a white envelope stuck in his belt, and every eye was on him in a moment.

It was Captain Nolan, in his scarlet shell jacket, a little forage cap that set on one side of his dark curls, his face full of joy and eagerness.

An audible murmur went through the ranks. "Orders come! Nolan's the boy that'll show us the way to move!" For Nolan was well known and universally beloved.

In another moment he had dashed up and saluted; then handed his letter to Lord Lucan. The cavalry gentleman tore it open with the nervousness characteristic of every movement of his lordship. When he read it over his countenance changed. Then his lordship broke out, something in this style:

"Why, good heavens, sir, what can he mean? With the little force at our command we can hardly hold our own, much less advance. It is perfectly suicidal. How can we advance?

Nolan's eyes began to blaze. He had just left the high ground whence the whole Russian position could be seen at a glance. Knowing that his order contemplated the doubling back of the Russian columns and saving the guns in the redoubts, he was impatient of the pragmatical objections of this captious old man.

It a stern, distinct tone he spoke to Lord Lucan:

"Lord Raglan's orders are that the cavalry should attack immediately."

"Attack, sir?" cried Lucan angrily. "Attack what? What guns, sir?"

Nolan threw his head back indignantly, and pointed to the Causeway Ridge, where the Russians were busily at work trying to haul away the captured guns. The group was standing at the right of the entrance of the north valley.

"There, my Lord, is your enemy," he said, "and there are your guns."

The Captain forgot that he was talking to an excited and impracticable man. Wrong headed Lucan chose to fancy that he pointed to the end of the valley, and with all the obstinacy of his nature kept to the error.

"Very well, sir, very well," he said angrily, "the order shall be obeyed. I wash my hands of it."

He wheeled his horse and trotted off to where Cardigan sat in front of his brilliant lines gnawing his grey moustache and chafing over his inaction.

Then said wrong-headed Lucan:

"Lord Cardigan, you will attack the Russians in the valley."

The Earl dropped his sword in salute.

"Certainly, my Lord; but allow me to point out to you that there is a battery in front, a battery on each flank, and the ground is covered with Russian riflemen."

"I can't help it," said Lucan unspuriously, "it is Lord Raglan's positive order that the Light Brigade is to attack the enemy. We have no choice but to obey."

Then Cardigan bowed his head lowly.

"Very well, my Lord," was all he said.

Then turning to his staff he quietly said, "The Brigade will now advance."

Meanwhile Nolan, after his sharp passage of arms with the division commander, had ridden off to the light brigade himself, where he was evidently talking to his coworkers and friend, Captain Morris of the Seventeenth Lancers. Now that he had maintained his position as mouth-piece of the Commander-in-Chief against the impudent fault-finding of Lucan, he felt happy. His beloved cavalry was to be launched at last on the glorious mission against the Causeway Ridge, and already D'Albionville was preparing to assault the other flank of the Russians.

Who can wonder that the enthusiastic Nolan told Morris that he would see the brigade through the charge? It was his privilege to do so, and his heart beat high with hope. Little did he know of the extent of pig-headed stupidity natural to the members of the English aristocracy who respectively commanded and led that charge.

A clear, sharp voice was soon heard in front of the brigade now formed in three lines. Lord Lucan rode away to the "Heavies," and Nolan galloped round to the rear to the left of the brigade, as the sharp voice cried:

"Light brigade, forward— trot— march."

In a moment the front line was away, as steady as if on parade, at a rapid trot, following an erect gentleman, mounted on a chestnut thoroughbred, and wearing light scarlet trousers and a blue fur-trimmed jacket, the front a perfect blaze of gold.

The erect gentleman was as slender in figure, as alert in gesture as a boy of twenty, and yet that man was fifty-seven years old and the Earl of Cardigan himself.

But hardly had they started when Nolan uttered a cry of astonishment and rage.

"Good God! are the fools going to charge down the valley?" he shouted. Then setting spurs to his horse he dashed out of his place and galloped madly across the front, waving his sword.

"Where are you going, my Lord?" he shouted.

"That's not Lord Raglan's orders! Change front to the right! The batteries on the ridge!"

Lord Cardigan was as hot tempered in his way as Lord Lucan. The audacity of an officer presuming to cross his front was an additional insult. He spoke not a word but pointed grimly forward with his sword. Nolan's words were lost in the thundering of hoofs, and all that was seen was his figure crossing the front and wildly gesticulating, pointing to the Causeway Ridge.

Then the Russian batteries opened. There was flash, a boom and a second flash in the air, a little cloud of smoke and a loud clang; as the firs shell burst in the faces of the trotting line. Poor Nolan threw up his arms with a fearful shriek, and fell back in his saddle, stone dead, struck through the heart. With a low cry of rage the rushing horsemen quickened their pace and dashed on at a wild gallop into the valley of death.

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ECHOES FROM THE EAST.

TENNESSEE DESPERADOES.

In Claiborne County, Tenn., at a place near Taggert, a few weeks since, a notorious character by the name of Bill Fugate, accompanied by two boon companions, while on one of his orgies, extended their operation into Lee County, Virginia, and after conducting themselves in a most outrageous manner, capped the climax by committing highway robbery on the person of a watch pedlar, whom they abused dreadfully and after threatening his life, proceeded to carry the fiendish idea into execution, starting him into a lonely den in the mountains, with him into a lonely den in the mountains, intending to murder him in the approved John A. Murrell style. But the villains had suffered their victim to retain his horse, thinking he would not dare to escape; but realizing the awful fate that menaced him, the unfortunate man suddenly put spurs to his horse and fled, hotly pursued by the blood-thirsty gang, who, finding themselves left behind, opened fire on the fugitive, wounding his horse and causing it to stumble, when he ran down the side of a precipitous cliff and plunged into a foaming stream that whirled and eddied among the rocks below and made his way across, though shot at eighteen times by the desperadoes, who emptied their pistols trying to accomplish their purpose. Seeing they were foiled, Fugate and his satellites went back to where the horse was, and amused themselves by hunting the horse down the almost abrupt declivity, crushing the poor animal instantly to pieces. The desperadoes then recrossed the line into Hancock County, and proceeding to a stillhouse near Sneedville, entered on a regular carouse. While here a bloody row commenced, in which about fifteen of the roughest characters participated, and both of the leading desperadoes, Fugate's side, were badly wounded, one of them mortally, one whole side of his jaw being torn away by a musket-ball, while the other had a bullet in his thigh. Fugate himself was unhurt, but was overpowered by numbers, after a desperate resistance, and taken prisoner. He was kept locked up for a few hours, but at midnight was released on giving up all his arms and fifty dollars in money. That's the way they do over in that section, when they feel like it.

IRVING IN NEW YORK.

Irving the self accused murderer of Nathan is in New York. Last week he was examined by Superintendent Matzell, District Attorney Phillips and Commissioner Gardner. Irving, it is said, was questioned for over an hour. The documents in relation to the Nathan murder were taken into the room, and among the articles there was, it is believed, the ship-carpenter's dog, with which the crime was committed. When the examination was ended, Irving was taken back to his cell and placed under guard, as before, a watchman being stationed near his door. All the officials who questioned Irving affirmed that they would give no information as to what he had said, and they also decline to state whether his story would be of any use in securing the arrest of the Nathan murderer, or whether they intended to have any arrests made, or whether they would prosecute him on the indictment for burglary. If his confession proved false, Captain Irving was absent with several of his detectives throughout the day, doubtless in search of decided information. Irving will be confined in the Tombs until his trial for burglary. It is hinted that a detective will be sent to Chicago to obtain some details of the Nathan murder from Forrester, who is now confined in the Joliet prison.

THE AWFUL PESTILENCE.

The fearful ravages of the yellow fever still continues in Memphis, but there are hopes of a speedy reaction. The sanitary work is being so vigorously pushed that it is hoped the malitia will be eradicated in a few days. The physicians think the worst is passed. New cases are not so many or malignant. An abatement of the disease is expected in a week or ten days. Several large houses have been closed during the affliction. It is estimated that not ten thousand persons remain in the city. During the prevalence of the disease, people hurry to the country. All societies and organizations need help, and look to the charity of the world. It is reported that the fever is raging near Brownsville, Texas. New cases are reported at various points near Memphis, on the lines of railroads, which are attributed to the persons going from the city with the infection in their system.

PROFESSOR ALLEN, who had been a convict in England and San Quentin, was killed by a railroad accident at the end of the Oakland wharf on Sunday evening. The deceased had reformed, and was engaged in lecturing on the treatment of convicts in our State Prisons. The accident was the result of carelessness on the part of the employees.

A NIGHT nurse in the City and County Hospital, last week, prevailed on three of her fellow workmen to entreat him with \$300 worth of scrip, which he promised to get cashed at terms most advantageous to the owners. Having obtained the money he absconded, but was arrested next day on suspicion of being the mate of the ship *Sunrise*.

The Coroner's Jury in the case of McCarthy, who was killed in East Oakland on Sunday night last by Police Officer Thomas, while resisting that officer, gave a verdict that the shot was fired in self-defense, and exonerated him from all blame. Prisoner was therefore released from custody.

PROBABLY the fastest passage on record from Australia to this port by a sailing vessel was completed on Wednesday by the British ship *Essex*, Captain Pearce, with 1,500 tons of coal on board. She made the run from Sydney in forty-six days. As far as our knowledge goes, this speed has never been beaten.

A CHINAMAN was found dead in a Joss House in the Chinese quarters last week. He had been attacked by small pox and died without the knowledge of the health authorities, whose aid was invoked only when he had passed beyond the reach of human aid.

A HANDSOME gold watch and chain was presented on Thursday night to Mr. John Hamill, Assemblyman elect. Mr. James R. Kelly made the presentation speech, to which Mr. Hamill appropriately replied.

The farmers of Del Norte county propose to form a grange.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

A brutal cutting and shooting affair took place on Sunday night at the lower toll-bridge, Elko, Nevada. The victim, an Englishman named Thomas Williams, engaged in a quarrel with the toll-collector, D. M. Harding, and was struck on the head with an axe by the latter. He fell to the ground, but quickly recovering his consciousness endeavored to escape, when Harding drew his revolver and shot him through the arm. Harding is an old man, almost sixty years of age. No cause is assigned for the outrage.

In San Mateo and Solano counties the question of the re-location of the county seat is causing considerable excitement among those interested. In Solano county the day to vote on the location is already fixed, and it is probable that the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo county will make a similar order at the next meeting. It would no doubt be an economical step on the part of many counties to arrange their public buildings on wheels.

Marion Bunyard, a middle-aged man, keeps a boarding-house at Kenyon City, Idaho. He married a blushing, gushing blonde of fifteen summers, named Kate Weeks. All went smooth until within a few weeks ago, when Kate fell in love with one of the boarders, named John H. Martin, and with him eloped to California. Marion is disconsolate, and will not be comforted.

The laying of the corner-stone of the State Capitol of Oregon took place at Salem on the 8th inst. with imposing ceremony. Some eighty three articles were deposited under the stone. The oration of Hon. S. F. Chadwick on the occasion fills six columns in the *Oregonian* and is a concise history of the State, from the discovery of the mouth of the Columbia river, by Captain Gray, in 1792, down to the present time.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Managers are not content with the general verdict, "Killed by the financial explosion," but announce that under its charter the thing cannot die, and modestly request the Government to guarantee the interest on the Northern Pacific bonds. It is thought that those Congressmen desirous of furnishing the victims for an another Credit Mobilier will undertake to engineer the job.

The Carson *Tribune* makes the following remarkable statement: "J. H. York, who was killed in Death Valley by Indians eighteen months ago, visited our sanctum in company with D. C. Turner, on Monday last." Can such things be!

William W. Marrett, Assistant Astronomer in Lieutenant Wheeler's Exploring and Surveying Expedition, died on the 8th of October at Bozeman, Montana, of mountain fever, and was buried there. Professor Clark, Chief Astronomer, concludes his work.

Professor Davidson's eastern current-of-air theory has been proven to be a calm, untroubled humbug by a Virginia City scientist. He sent up a balloon ever so high, and in the course of time it landed within a few feet of the point from which it started.

The Modoc captives left Fort Klamath last week for their home in Wyoming Territory. They were transported in teams, with an escort of two companies, and thence by railroad. Everything is very quiet at Fort Klamath.

Captain Jack left three widows, one grown daughter, a sister and a host of little children to regret that the old man took just "one drop too much."

Sacramento will have the fire-alarm telegraph.

The cost is to \$8,000, one half of which will be raised by subscription and the remainder by appropriation from the city.

A fellow in Pioche makes a good thing of it, playing blind through the day and keeping his eyes open about the gambling tables at night.

Only three fights in Pioche last Thursday, and the day is record as one of the dullest of the season.

UNITED STATES MARSHAL MORRIS, in his anxiety to keep the witnesses on the *Sunrise* case in safe custody, committed a blunder and an outrage which he probably repents of this. He gave orders to have one of the principal witnesses ironed, and in this condition he was paraded through the streets. The action was as ill-advised as it was unparalleled, and has excited the indignation of many persons who were previously his staunchest adherents. The morning papers are clamoring for his removal from office. They have got a cue against the Marshal, and certainly their complaint is not without reason.

The efforts of Captain John Mullan to rescue a large body of land from the grasp of the railroad Company have been crowned with success.

Last week Governor Stanford received a letter from the General Land Office, Washington, notifying him that several large tracts of land along the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, were inadvertently included in patent to the Western Pacific Railroad Company, dated April 9, 1870, consequently said patent is illegal. The Company have been notified to surrender the same, with a relinquishment of the apparent title of said Company acquired thereby.

THE JUDICIAL election held on Wednesday resulted in the choice of E. W. McKinstry the independent candidate, for Justice of the Supreme Court; E. D. Wheeler, the Tax-payers, candidate, for Judge of the Nineteenth District, and David Louderback the Tax-payers' candidate, for Police Judge. The total vote cast in the city was but 15,185, which is 10,425 less than the vote cast last month.

The San Francisco Cadets returned to the city on Tuesday evening, after completing a tour through the Eastern States, which was in every respect a most eminent and gratifying success. They were met at the ferry by the Mac Mahon Guards, who, with many personal friends, accompanied the returning heroes to their armory, where an enthusiastic demonstration awaited them.

A FRIEND in human form for some unexplained reason, probably personal malice, introduced a large quantity of strychnine into the food of thirty-three horses in David Stewart's livery stable, No. 134 Seventh street, on Sunday last.

Several animals have died in consequence of this wholesale poisoning.

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